Honeſt TOM's Reſentmen

Of a PAMPHLET, Entitul'd,

A BOB *for the Court*: Or, *Prince* EUGENE's *Welcon*

BOB's Alluſions.

TO cure the Nation of the Rot,
And ſickly Politicians,
Our Conſtitution growing hot,
We wanted new Phyſicians.

BOB took the Hint, ſtood by and ſaw
A Nation in Convulſion,
Saw on his ſide Mob, Q—n and Law,
And all things but Compulſion.

He laugh'd in's Sleeve, as who ſhou'd ſay
Damn'd Fools that can't eſpy all,
Go break your Necks, and win the Day,
Then boaſt your Doctor's Tryal.

But how unhappy 'tis of late
That all our wiſeſt Friends
Of Sword and Gown, ſhou'd loſe by Fate,
Whene'er they gain their Ends.

Wiſe Management goes ſomething croſs
In *Weſtminſter* and *Spain*,
We conquer ſtill, but are at loſs
To find what 'tis we gain.

We've beat the *French*, rang Bells like mad,
And fought away our Senſes,
And yet the cunning tough old Dad
Finds ev'ry Year new Fences.

So Dogs turns Spits, and Squirrels climb
Their Cages, not the higher;
Nay, make the Bells ring all the time,
And yet they're ne'er the nigher.

Why don't we then wear Fools Caps ſtill,
And waſte more Blood and Treaſures,
We thank the *Whigs* for their good-will,
And *BOB* for better Meaſures.

'Tis true, if our Allies wou'd Liſt
Our *Whigs* turn'd out of Places,
Then with full *Quota*'s, ſo long miſs'd,
They much might alter Caſes.

But as it is, we've made ſuch uſe,
Of Towns and Battles won,
That e're the Vanquiſh'd need a Truce,
The Victors are undone.

Witneſs our G——l, tho', 'tis ſaid,
His Temper's ſomething ſparing,
Who, whilſt his Soldiers eat good Bread,
Himſelf liv'd on the Paring.

'Twas high time then for *Prior* to paſs,
In ſearch of *Peace*, the Main,
That *Britain*, Loaded like an Aſs,
At laſt might ſhare the Gain.

BOB ſent the Dove that cros'd the Deep,
New Footing to explore,
And back to *Beaſts*, and *Things* that creep,
The Olive Branch he bore.

Ceaſe then poor *Whigs* to uſe your Tools,
The *L—ch*, *Ch--les*, and *H———r*,
No more of War, 'till we grow Fools,
E'en tho' *Eugene*'s come over.

TOM's *Reſentment*.

I.

TO cure the Nation from Rela
Of ſawcy Repetitions,
Our Conſtitution, may, perha
Admit of new Phyſicians.

II.

TOM took the hint, ſtood by and ſaw
A Nation in Confuſion;
Saw on his ſide, Equitable Law,
But too much of Deluſion.

III.

He vex'd in's Heart, as who ſhou'd ſa
ſtrange Folly that can't diſcry,
French Perkin Wits, when ſaucy they,
Re-ſound *Ex-or-bi-tan-cy*.

IV.

And how unhappy wou'd be our Fate,
if all our Friends ſo wiſe
Of Sword and Gown ſhou'd prevarica
When arrived near the Prize.

V.

Wiſe Management, however croſs,
In *Weſtminſter* or *Spain*;
By Conqueſts we, are not at Loſs,
But ſure it is we gain.

VI.

We've beat the *French*, rang Bells right gl
And ſo reviv'd our Senſes,
'Till that the cunning, tough old Dad,
grew tir'd with all his Fences.

VII.

Tho' Dogs turn Spits, and Squirrels clim
Their Cages not the higher;
Yet Human Wits, much more Sublim
Above all ſuch things acquire.

VIII.

Why don't we then, like Hero's ſtill,
Not Indulg'd with mean Treaſures,
Accept o'th' *Whigs*, for their good will,
and *Tom* for better Meaſures.

IX.

TOM ſcorns *BOBS*, Boyiſh Wits ſo fra
which in a Youthful Frame,
As from Hand to Mouth, can hit the N
But hath no farther Aim.

X.

However that, we have made uſe
Of ſome Towns and Battles won;
'Tis ſure the Vanquiſh'd need a Truce
But the Victors arn't undone.

XI.

What tho' 'tis of our G-n-r-l ſaid,
His Temper's ſomething ſparing,
His Soldiers had, enough good Bread,
Himſelf likewiſe welfaring.

XII.

'Twas high time then for Monſieur to p
In ſearch of *Peace*, the Main,
That *France* burden'd, more than an A
He might be eas'd o'th' Pain.

XIII.

Tom thus inſiſts, we'er ſo near his Ski
That Footing he [illegible]
For Backſliding Tricks, to reach our
After the War is o're.

XIV.

Ceaſe then *Tories*, uſing your Tools,
to *Frenchify*'s all over;
Upbraid no more, 'till we grow Fool
The *D-tch*, *Ch-rl-s* and *H-nov-r*.

XV.

But let *Ch-les*, the Emp-r-r have his *Courſe*,
Since *Eugene* was ſent over,
To ſtop *Lewis*'s Decoying *Sources*,
Our Rights for to recover.

XVI.

Then *Britain* ſtrike home, to'th *Tune* again,
Whilſt *Tom* will find ye Treaſures,
To play your Honour up to the Main,
If that you like his Meaſures.

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